

DON'T WANT LEASE GIVEN UP.

Bankrupt Bankers Would Relinquish Costly Premises.

The Arlington Fire Insurance Company, owners of premises 1506 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, the first floor of which is occupied by the bankrupt firm of Lewis Johnson & Co., has filed a petition protesting against the request of the bankrupts to surrender their five-year lease, so as to take less expensive quarters.

The receivers have been cited by Justice McCoy to show cause next Friday why they should not surrender the premises to the Arlington Fire Insurance Company. The receivers, who deposited them, unindorsed, for collection. The bill brought by Mrs. Constance Gable to recover shares of stock alleged to have been hypothecated by J. William Henry, member of the firm, with certain banks, has been amended by leave of the court.

DAILY SHORT STORY.

BOTH LOVE AND WAR.

By JUNE GAHAN.

"The soldiers are coming! Hurrah! Hurrah!" sang Gretchen Armour, as she danced into the family living room. "Coming? When?" gasped her mother, laying down her book and looking at her daughter.

"Tomorrow—they've been billeted upon us! We're to have twenty of them over night. In the name of the government!" mocked Gretchen, trying to imitate the deep bass of the man's voice who had been at the door with the news.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Armour, taking the slip of paper her daughter waved as she still sang her improvised song to the good old Scotch tune of the "Campbells Are Coming." "Do be quiet for a moment and let me think, Gretchen."

The old Armour homestead stood far back from the main road, and it was to be expected that, sooner or later, the family would have to shelter some of the many troops that were starting out on their long march in support of their colors. The war was several months old and there seemed to be no end to the fighting. It was the least the citizens could do—to extend their best hospitality to the boys who were fighting for them.

To Gretchen the prospect was to be rejoiced in. To the mother, it was only bringing the terrors of the war into her home. She had no men folk to offer and she did not begrudge this little help she could give. But Mrs. Armour took everything seriously, everything worried her in prospect. Gretchen was the happy-go-lucky replica of her late father, and it was her mother's joyless attitude toward life could dampen her enthusiasm.

"I shall make doughnuts and drop-cakes and chocolate layer cake and apple pie and—"

"And they'll all have to go into hospital quarters before they're well on the march," interrupted her mother.

"Oh, thank you, mother. Of course, Hannah will make soup and cook chops and steaks and all the substantial, unromantic things, but I shall begin at once on doughnuts," she declared.

Mrs. Armour was about to add that doughnuts had never been connected with romance in her mind, but when she found that her daughter was a girl, her daughter was gone before she could utter the remark.

Her thoughts turned quickly to the more practical side of her prospective hospitality. Soldiers, she knew, could sleep out of doors, but the trenches, any day, were the best place for them. She began immediately to plan for their welfare.

Unusual guest rooms were turned into ready-to-live-in chambers, couches and cots were brought from attic and basement until the place looked like a veritable dormitory.

In the kitchen Gretchen drove the cook almost frantic with her efforts at the stove. She had apple pies ready everywhere, doughnuts in every available platter dripping their grease, chocolate filling on the fire for the first time, and she even started to which Gretchen said she could make later.

Even when the soldiers began to approach the house, Gretchen was still in her enfolded kitchen apron, her naturally pink cheeks as rosy as a German maiden's. Her lover's first kiss had been at the door, beneath the frail lace cap Gretchen said she must wear to be tidy in the kitchen, and a dust of powdered sugar near her lips made them most attractive.

"We shall not be much trouble," one of the officers in uniform told her, after she had mingled with them as they sat about and rested after the long day's march. "It's too good of you—too good!"

"Good?" cried Gretchen, her cheeks flushing with the thought of the word. "Why, it's too good to be true to have you here. It's the one spot of joy in my whole world—for me!"

The soldier laughed and whirled his hat round and round in his hands. He lived in the great city near by but he had never seen a girl like Gretchen in all that vast population.

"There's a little joy in everything," he said, "if you just try to find it. The greatest joy I've found is to know," he said, pointedly, "is the band music. You just can't help being thrilled and enthused when the band begins to play that stirring march, but there is a long way to Tipperary," but there is a long way by the way that is good to see."

Sometimes I think it's easier to be in the fight than to be back home with—everybody gone and you don't know where they've gone to. I've found that with a miniature little catch in her tone that made the soldier boy look strait ahead instead of at her. He must not look at her too much," he said.

"Perhaps, you're right," he said. "I left a mother and two sisters and they took it pretty hard," he said.

And then, until it was time to have supper, the two talked and Gretchen learned much of the young man's home. He told her he had wanted to go to the front all the time and that he hoped to come back—he believed he would return. And then—

It was the supper's arrival that had interrupted her story, and Gretchen had to help serve the young soldier boys, and the young lieutenant with whom she had been talking watched her go from one to the other offering them this and that and chatting and laughing with them. In his youthfulness he wanted to shoot some of his fellow-officers then and there instead of waiting for the enemy to do it.

But Gretchen managed to see him before they all "turned in." She extended her hand to say good-night.

"Good-night," he said, "I do hope you'll be comfortable."

"Comfortable?" the soldier said. "I'll be comfortable bodily, but you've upset my comfort of mind. Good-night."

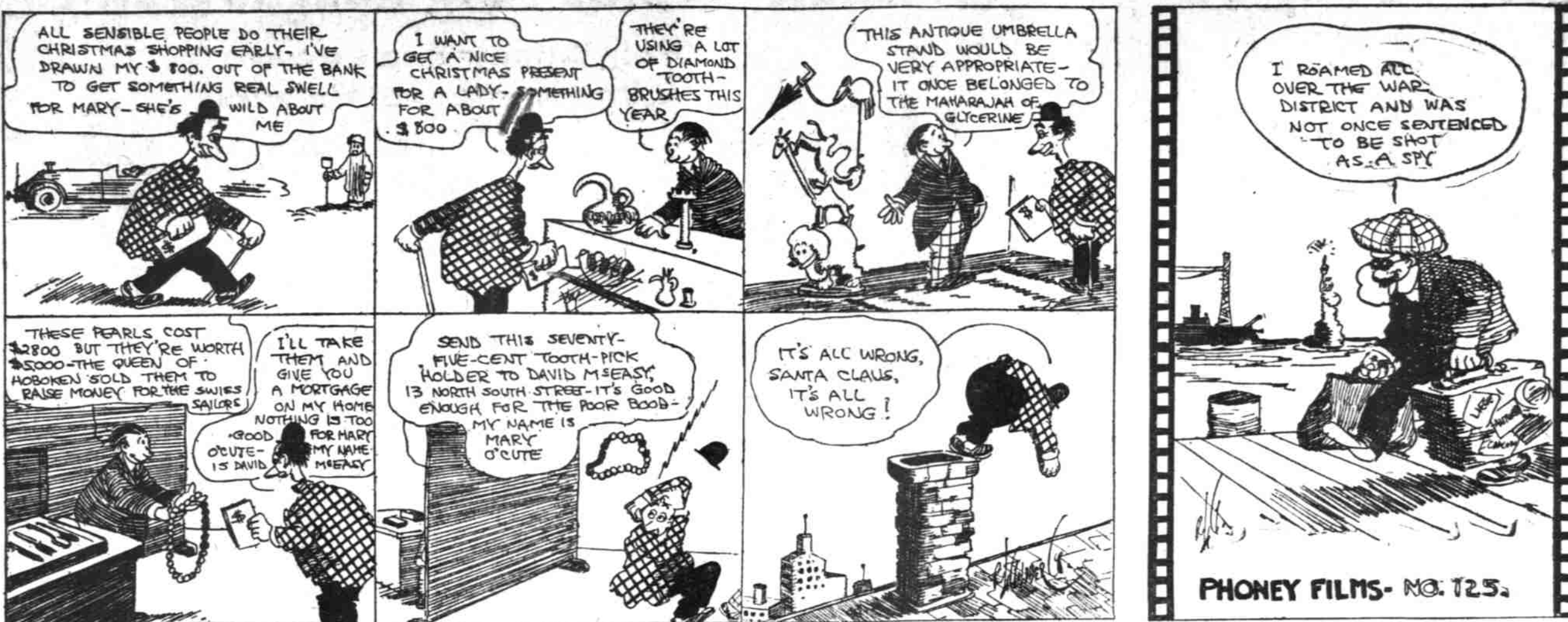
Gretchen ran away, her heart beating wildly. She had revealed in romances of war gone by, she had cried with the heroines and adored the heroes who had marched off to fight for them. And now—now, she was actually living one of her own. She knew it. This was her hero—this soldier boy!

She went to sleep consoling herself that he had said he left only a mother and sisters at home. If he had left a sweetheart would he not have told her? Her slumber was disturbed by the sound of many voices and she never answered the question satisfactorily to herself. Would he have told her? Would he?

"Good morning," she said to the soldier when she saw him. "It's good morning and good-by," he said, gravely. How pretty she was in the morning!

IT'S ALL WRONG, SANTA CLAUS; IT'S ALL WRONG—By Goldberg.

Copyright, 1914, by R. L. Goldberg.



PHONE FILMS—NO. 725.

"So early!" exclaimed Gretchen. "We march in an hour," he told her. Neither one spoke. They stood beneath the great elm tree near the dining-room. Gretchen's eyes were on the lawn. "I can't give me something?" the soldier finally stammered. A tallness—something of her own? he asked. Gretchen did not reply. She looked about helplessly. "This—my handkerchief—is all I have," she said at last.

The soldier took it. It had a delicate, subtle perfume that he knew he would never forget. He put it inside his jacket. "I shall carry it till I see you again or—"

"Don't say it," Gretchen cried. "Don't!" It was one of the few serious moments of her young life.

The soldier laughed, but the mirth was forced. "All right—let me come back, then? And when the good old band plays 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' this trip may I think of you as my girl?" he asked.

Breakfast was being called from the house. "May I?" he persisted.

"I'm anybody else's," Gretchen said, simply.

And when the troops passed along the main road and the soldiers who had been billeted on the Armours joined them, Gretchen stood beside the gate holding fast to a large square of linen that had been pressed into her hand when the soldier boy shook it in farewell. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she hand played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and she wiped them away again and again with her soldier boy's handkerchief.

That night when she looked at it for initials or some clue as to his name—though a mere name meant nothing to Gretchen at this point in her romance—she found a scrawl in pencil on the handkerchief. "Don't forget that you are the girl Arthur Walton left behind him—the one and only girl and he's coming back."

rolled down her cheeks as she hand played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and she wiped them away again and again with her soldier boy's handkerchief.

That night when she looked at it for initials or some clue as to his name—though a mere name meant nothing to Gretchen at this point in her romance—she found a scrawl in pencil on the handkerchief. "Don't forget that you are the girl Arthur Walton left behind him—the one and only girl and he's coming back."

rolled down her cheeks as she hand played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and she wiped them away again and again with her soldier boy's handkerchief.

That night when she looked at it for initials or some clue as to his name—though a mere name meant nothing to Gretchen at this point in her romance—she found a scrawl in pencil on the handkerchief. "Don't forget that you are the girl Arthur Walton left behind him—the one and only girl and he's coming back."

rolled down her cheeks as she hand played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and she wiped them away again and again with her soldier boy's handkerchief.

That night when she looked at it for initials or some clue as to his name—though a mere name meant nothing to Gretchen at this point in her romance—she found a scrawl in pencil on the handkerchief. "Don't forget that you are the girl Arthur Walton left behind him—the one and only girl and he's coming back."

rolled down her cheeks as she hand played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and she wiped them away again and again with her soldier boy's handkerchief.

That night when she looked at it for initials or some clue as to his name—though a mere name meant nothing to Gretchen at this point in her romance—she found a scrawl in pencil on the handkerchief. "Don't forget that you are the girl Arthur Walton left behind him—the one and only girl and he's coming back."

These pearls cost \$2800 but they're worth \$5000—the queen of hoboken sold them to raise money for the sailors.

I'll take them and give you a mortgage on my home nothing is too good for my Mary O'ute.

Good-bye—13 North South Street.

SEND THIS SEVENTY-FIVE-CENT TOOTH-PICK HOLDER TO DAVID MEASY, 13 NORTH SOUTH STREET—IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE POOR BOO—MY NAME IS MARY O'UTE.

IT'S ALL WRONG, SANTA CLAUS, IT'S ALL WRONG!

I ROAMED ALL OVER THE WAR DISTRICT AND WAS NOT ONCE SENTENCED TO BE SHOT AS A SPY.

PHONEY FILMS—NO. 725.

CLASSIFIED AD RATES

CLASS A

CLASS B

CLASS C

CLASS D

CLASS E

CLASS F

CLASS G

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

LEGAL NOTICE

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE

FOR SALE—SUBURBAN

A Perfect Beauty

O. B. ZANTZINGER

VIOLIN SCHOOL

PAINTING AND PAPERHANGING

PROPOSALS

CORSETS

NON-MEDICAL HEALING

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

WATCH REPAIRING

CLASSIFIED AD RATES

CLASS A

CLASS B

CLASS C

CLASS D

CLASS E

CLASS F

CLASS G

CLASS H

CLASS I

CLASS J

CLASS K

CLASS L

CLASSIFIED AD RATES

CLASS A

CLASS B

CLASS C

CLASS D

CLASS E

CLASS F

CLASS G

CLASS H

CLASS I

CLASS J

CLASS K

CLASS L

CLASSIFIED AD RATES

CLASS A

CLASS B

CLASS C

CLASS D

CLASS E

CLASS F

CLASS G

CLASS H

CLASS I

CLASS J

CLASS K

CLASS L

CLASSIFIED AD RATES

CLASS A

CLASS B

CLASS C

CLASS D

CLASS E

CLASS F

CLASS G

CLASS H

CLASS I

CLASS J

CLASS K

CLASS L

CLASSIFIED AD RATES

CLASS A

CLASS B

CLASS C

CLASS D

CLASS E

CLASS F

CLASS G

CLASS H

CLASS I

CLASS J

CLASS K

CLASS L

LOOK FOR THE VAN LOON FAMILY IN SUNDAY'S COMIC SECTION.

